1: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1938 AVT Burusho AVT

'machines' known in Hunza, and the mechanism of all three is so simple that parts can be replaced, repairs or adjustments effected, by any intelligent child—and we met no unintelligent Hunza child.

Anyone desirous of doing so can acquire a weaver's skill, and in our village of some 200 families there were seven or eight expert weavers. The loom-pit is a hole in the ground, 2 feet wide and deep and 2 feet 4 inches from back to front, with a stone bench at the back. Two horizontal poles balanced on stones a couple of feet above the ground at either side carry the heddles, etc. Here the weaver sets up his home-made loom of ingeniously simple construction worked by four treadles in the bottom of his pit. While he works, the owners of the wool sit by and wind his bobbins. A skilful weaver can make the nine yards of narrow homespun required for a man's cloak in a day and a half. The loom-pit occupies fully half the width of the 'street' and when being used forms the centre of a shifting group of cheerfully gossiping passers-by.

Goat's hair is woven on an even simpler upright frame, a forked piece of tree supplying the single shed required.

Turning is a rarer accomplishment than weaving, and our village boasted only one lathe-master. Like the loom the lathe is set up in a pit. The person desiring a bowl supplies the necessary rough-hewn block of wood (apricot or vine root preferred) and the motive power required to turn the horizontal bar, on to one end of which the wood is spiked. The turner crouches alongside with a selection of small curved chisels which he rests on an adjustable tripod to steady his hand (PLATE IV).

There is no room to tell of all the simple yet ingenious household utensils which the Hunzukuts conjure from the scanty resources at their disposal: the spliced wooden bow faced with plates of ibex horn and beautifully curved; the boys' catapult bow with double string of horse sinew, for scaring birds; the double-chambered wool-container made of rowan bark; the small vessel like an ash-tray which steadies the woman's rotating spindle and is moulded from the refuse of the apricot kernels left after the oil has been expressed. Not a shred of anything is wasted in Hunza. What cannot be eaten or turned to use—even the shell of the apricot kernel—is gratefully seized on as fuel for the pitifully small fire that cooks the bread and vegetables. Fires for mere heating are an undreamt of luxury. Hence the draught-proof house is essential, for at 7–8,000 feet, with snow mountains all round and a temperature of 19° Fahrenheit, the 'Great Cold' is

L: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1938 AV7 Burusho AV7

sufficiently severe. Happily winter is short, two or three months at most, and for the rest of the year day and night are spent mainly out of doors.

The social culture of the Burusho of Hunza is as high as their material culture is primitive. Three centuries of Islam—they are now Ismaili heretics, having been Shiahs until three or four generations ago—have not induced them to veil or despise their indomitable women, nor to abandon the wholesome tradition of exogamy between their different clans in favour of first-cousin marriage. They are freer from superstition and fanaticism than any people east or west of whom I have heard or read. Whatever be the esoteric teaching of the Ismailis of which Professor Ivanov might tell, it concerns the Hunza peasant as little as the homoousian controversy disturbs the mind of the British schoolboy. He goes his way in cheerful confidence that hard work, fair dealing, kindly affection and generosity must be as well pleasing to God the Merciful, the Compassionate, as ritual prayer or ceremonial fast, and his dreams are not broken by over-anxious fear of Hell or hope of Heaven.

The fastidiousness and personal cleanliness of the Hunza peasant are remarkable. Close packed amongst the crowd at festivals or sitting on the threshing floor amongst the workers, or entertained in their hospitable houses, we were never distressed by human exhalations or molested by parasites. The drinking water is guarded with scrupulous care from pollution by man or beast. Men and women cooperate without embarrassment or restraint and no work is taboo for either sex, though for obvious reasons the heavier jobs of wall-building, irrigation and ploughing fall more naturally to the man, and the care of infants to the woman. But as soon as the father is allowed to handle his child, he will carry the baby proudly and tenderly out for its first airings, while boys and girls alike play with and watch over the toddlers.

Again and again, in face of the high morality and unquenchable spirit of the Hunzukuts, we were ashamed to think of what in our vaunted civilization 'man has made of man'.

252 yeast and cooked on a griddle, like small, thin pancakes. Zaidu made them as of course, since they are the normal local food, and we had a few fresh for every meal (they are horrid stale). Their great merit is that they can be eaten without butter or
262 jam. This was a great advantage, for butter was a problem.
234 The tinned butter we brought with us for the road all went bad—you could not blame it in that heat—and butter in our sense of the word is unknown in Hunza.

There was fortunately a little cow's milk to be had, but the cows get so little to eat that their milk has not much butter-content. A really good Hunza cow yields at most a quart of milk a day after she has fed her calf, and she only gives milk at all for a month or two after the calf is born. So
[415] milk is no part of the regular local diet. The people normally milk into a gourd, which makes an excellent jug, but has the
• [372] drawback that there is no ready way of cleaning it. Where fuel is so scarce no one could boil water merely to scald milk-vessels, and the method is to hold the gourd over the smoke of the fire. This seems to be perfectly wholesome, but it gives a gruesome taste to the milk, already sufficiently tainted with memories of yesterday, last week, last year. So we would send one of our people with a clean aluminium bucket and get the cow milked straight into that. In this way we procured as much as we needed for tea and coffee and puddings, but of course not enough to make butter from, as we had been accustomed to do in Gilgit. Fresh butter proved to be an unattainable luxury. The local butter, which they call *maltash*, is much prized; there is so little of it that it is kept strictly for feast days and great occasions. Their chief chance of making it is from the goats' milk when the men have the animals up at the summer pastures. They make it day by day, a little at a time, and when they have collected about two pounds they shape it into a ball, wrap it in birch-bark, tie it up with strips torn from the roots of juniper, and then bring it home to
[251] store. With luck one good she-goat will provide two balls of *maltash* per season. It is then stored in a tiny stone larder under the nearest water-channel to keep it damp and cool, and thence produced when wanted. Even when quite fresh it tastes very

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

a *choga* is being washed, a man's greater strength is called into play—nine yards of wet homespun is no joke. He dips it likewise into cold water, lays it on a stone, and tramples it with his full weight. There is, of course, no fuel to spare for washing clothes or persons in hot water.

From our very first days in Hunza the mills had been a source of interest, and we constantly passed them and peeped in as we traced out all the water-channels on our walks. When the water was in flow (no stream, not even the Dála, was continuously in action in any one stretch) the mills were the centre of social gatherings. The miller and his family would be inside superintending operations, while the women with their babies and their work quietly awaited their turn. They had brought small sacks or bags of grain to be ground and would squat in and round the doorway happily gossiping. Occasionally a man would come along, bent double under a huge sack of 80 lb. or so.

We struck a particularly interesting group one day, where the water was plunging steeply down the hillside and turning three mills in succession, one below the other. David was photographing the busy crowd at the door, and I climbed up a little to join two old women busily spinning among the rocks above. "Father won't want to take pictures of us," they said, in a matter-of-fact tone quite free from bitterness, "we are old and wrinkled." As well as my halting speech permitted, I assured them that older people were our best friends, that we liked faces wrinkled like our own, and that if they would allow it, "Father" would much like their photographs. So I scrambled down the hill again to explain to DL where his next duty lay. He came and engaged the old dames in chat, but it was no easy matter to get a photograph for they were shy and self-conscious beyond the ordinary. The picture turned out at least recognizable, but when it came to delivering their copies we found that their houses were "quite near" of course, but down 500 or 600 feet of highly precipitous gorge, rather more of a rock-climbing feat than we were prepared to tackle in the course of an afternoon's walk. Enquiry revealed, however, that old Pfírúz's son was married to Ustád Nadíro's daughter, so

796 hours by the loud drumming of a warning drum; then after an interval we should hear two outbursts and soon after, three, at which point we should set out. We could not ascertain how long the intervals would be between the summonses, but Dádo promised to waken us at the sound of the first. He was so fearful of oversleeping that he lay awake all night, and with characteristic zeal brought us morning tea two hours too soon. The third drumming was not, in fact, heard till about 5 a.m. It called us out into the inkiest night I ever saw, but it was windless and not unduly cold. Thick snow clouds over the whole sky hid every suspicion of a star, so that though the great mountains all round were white with snow to within a few feet of our level there was not even a glimmer from them.

All over the hillsides we could see tiny points of light converging on the rendezvous and hear the lively chatter of men
[372] and boys from every homestead. Their torches were faggots of juniper held high on a long pole. From the polo-ground came the sound of music punctuated by unison cheers of Ha-Ha-Ha that echoed up the hill to hurry stragglers. By the time we got down there was already a goodly group of men thronging three deep round a princely bonfire, and each new party as it came flung in its torch over the heads of the crowd sending a shower of rocket sparks into the darkness of the night. Our arrival was greeted by a cheer and a lane was made for us to a stone sofa, where we speedily obliterated ourselves not to interfere with the progress of events, regretting only that our people had not thought to provide us with torches instead of the prosaic hurricane lamps which they doubtless thought more dignified.

796 The bonfire leapt, the band played, the jolly Ha-Ha-Ha
535 sounded at intervals, and still the velvet darkness was starred by points of oncoming light. As soon as a sufficient congregation had assembled, the band struck up in earnest and dancing began. In the flickering firelight the scene looked extraordinarily romantic. Prominent among the dancers were the bridegrooms of a few days ago, who thus made their re-entry into public life, clad happily once more in caps and woollen *chogas*. The dancers sprang and capered, their long sleeves

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959) 1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
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roasting or broiling, in Hunza most of the foods are eaten raw or lightly cooked.

To me, at least, the reason was plain and clear . . . they have little or no fuel. Coal is unknown, wood extremely hard to get . . . they have to go a long way to find a bit of forest or woodland. I saw practically none in the Hunza area. In another area I visited—Punial—one could see a few trees and copses that represented their woodlands. But timber suitable for firewood was not within reach of the people of Hunza. The bit of wood they did get would most likely come from an apricot or other fruit tree that had outlived its usefulness.

One of the most important reasons that apricots have become such an important part in the Hunzan diet is the fact that, by having found or created early, mid-season and late varieties, the Hunzan season for apricots extends two full months. This is a most vital consideration and is well worth remembering.

The staple oil or fat of the people is apricot oil. Ghee is used regularly, but butter can only be afforded and used on special occasions.

During the entire summer seldom, if ever, is meat served or seen on an average Hunzan's table, but during the three hard winter months (December, January and February) meat or chicken is sometimes used, if available (which is seldom). Even then, it is used only by the more prosperous or wealthy people. The poorer people can't afford to kill their cattle and use them for beef except on special occasions or religious holidays.

When I say the poorer people, I should qualify this statement, for there are no class distinctions whatsoever in Hunza. However, there are those families who own but one acre of land and there are those who own 10 acres. Therefore it is to be expected that there would be a difference in their living standards.

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
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that may exist or be created in an agricultural community, no seed is available, the Mir has been known to procure supplies from neighboring states and supply his people with sufficient planting stock.

While through the entire East cow dung and yak dung are used for fuel, in Hunza this is positively not true. The Hunzans are too intelligent to use the mainstay of their lives for fuel. Once it is burned it is gone; but if it is put back into the land, it is there to produce crops for another year. They show their intelligence, if proof of their intelligence is needed, by this one sound principle of self-survival in their means of agriculture.

However, in the more northerly sections of Hunza, closer to the Chinese border, they do use yak dung for fires because of the almost total lack of wood or other types of fuel. They just have to keep themselves warm during the winter.

Here is a list of the vegetables grown in Hunza—potatoes, turnips, carrots, beans, peas, lettuce, pumpkins, tomatoes, melons, watermelons, radishes, onions, cabbage, spinach, cauliflower.

In fruits there are mulberries, apricots, apples, pears, peaches, grapes, walnuts, almonds, a few plums and some cherries.

Grapes are grown fairly extensively because they can plant them against most any wall, as long as they have a bit of soil in which to gain a foothold for their roots. From these grapes they make their Hunzan wine.

They grow a few strawberries, but I could find no currants, gooseberries, raspberries—nor did they know what raspberries were.

The grains grown in Hunza, starting from the most important, are wheat, barley, rye, millet, buckwheat and a small quantity of rice. Some alfalfa is grown as a forage crop.

584 Marriages are not arranged against
586 the will of either party, and although
divorce is legally very easy for men
593 or women, it is not common. Women
are neither abused nor overworked,
and the mother is the respected chief
of the house, as the father is of the
[581] farm. Marriage does not encompass
[562] companionship as we know it: men
spend their spare time in the company
of other men, and women visit exclu-
562 sively with other women. They hold
535 their dances on separate threshing
floors a half-mile or so apart, on the
same night, and woe betide the eager
teen-age boy who dresses in his sister's
clothes and sneaks into a girls' dance.

262 At the time of the Tumushuling,
[796] and only then, Hunza families
[231] butcher a sheep or two; cold weather
[251] preserves the meat for the few days
before it is all eaten—and it *is* virtually
all eaten. Even the long bones are
cracked to extract the last marrow.
After this taste of meat, the winter of
the dietary year sets in. Gradually the
supply of carrots and potatoes fails,
then the wheat, the barley, the dried
[141] apricots, and the tea. By springtime
the poorer folk may eat only once in
two days. No one starves to death, but
no one has enough to stop hunger.

146 The regular Hunza diet has no fats,
no animal proteins, no vitamin A, no
vitamin D, a deficiency of vitamin B,
and a serious deficiency of calcium.
Apricots contain some sugar and vita-
min C, but the poorer families are un-
245 able to raise large crops. (The size
556 of apricot orchards determines a
man's wealth and status.) Hunzas use
● 372 every bit of the apricot, as they do of
824 the sheep. They cut the pits from the
fruits, crack them, and remove the al-
[412] mond-like nuts. The women hand-
grind these with stone mortars, then
squeeze the meal between a hand-stone
[359] and a flat rock to express the oil. Apri-
cot oil is fuel for the saucer-shaped
lamps that illuminate their homes, as
lamps of this type have done since the
824 Bronze Age. The oil is very bitter, na-
278 turally enough, because of its high
content of prussic acid, fifty drops of
which are said to be lethal in about
[273] four hours. Men add a few drops, as
[762] bitters, to their wine, and occasion-
ally a despondent woman takes a dose
in order to commit suicide.

164 Mild cases of rickets and scurvy
146 are rampant every spring—not enough
to kill, just enough to loosen teeth,
cause aching knees, and deform ribs